

HEALTH & EFFICIENCY

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TO MINORS

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SEX STIMULI OF CLOTHES INTERPRETED IN THE NUDIST WAY

THE NATURIST MAGAZINE THAT PROMOTES THE NAKED
APPROACH TO HUMAN RELATIONS — IN LIFE AND LOVE



HEALTH and EFFICIENCY

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Editor: Leslie L. Bainbridge

This magazine is entirely independent. Its aim is to present the great health movement towards sun and air bathing in its widest aspects, and to publish supplements from the recognised sun bathing groups, but the views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

● We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety.

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76th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Established 1900. Health and Efficiency incorporating Sunbathing Review, Health and Vim, is associated with the Central Council for British Naturism, the Australian Federation of Sun Clubs, New Zealand Sunbathing Association, Southern Rhodesian Outdoor Society, American Sunbathing Association, National Nudist Council, Ohio, the Central Sunbathing Association, Indiana, and Hong Kong Sunbathing Association.

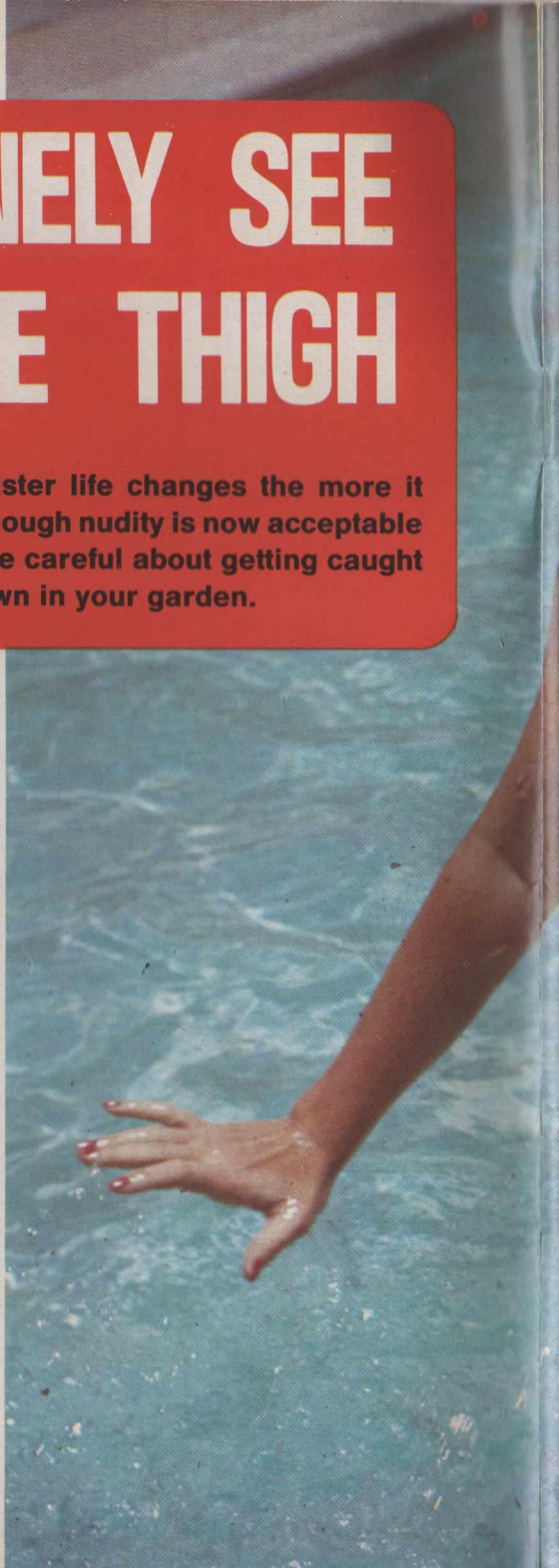
THE LONELY SEE AND THE THIGH

Trenton Main finds that the faster life changes the more it remains the same, and that although nudity is now acceptable on the stage you still have to be careful about getting caught with your pants down in your garden.

ONCE upon a time, in nineteen hundred and never mind when, I ploughed a lonely furrow (literally) deep in the heart of the Berkshire countryside. I ploughed, scattered the seed—some good, some bad—minded my own business and did my own thing, my family around me, and there was gladness in my heart. There was also bodily evidence that whilst clothes served a useful purpose in keeping us all warm and, when the occasion demanded, looking reasonably spry, they were not worn unless absolutely necessary.

Now it came to pass that when the time came to harvest that which the sweat of my brow had produced, there was an abundance thereof. To such an extent that I was able to offer my fellow creatures some of the riches produced by sweat and fertile earth. Therefore did I so offer them but, since it pays to be prudent and to fill not only one's larder with lashings of fruit and veg. but also one's bank with gold, I did offer the produce in return for some coins of the realm.

It also came to pass that strangers without my gate did pause, read that which I had writ, and did partake of the offered abundance on being assured that it was produced not by chemical inducement but by good old-fashioned muck and compost. By good husbandry did my name come to be bandied





about by town and country folk who beat a path to my door proffering their gold for my produce until, alas, there was nowt left.

Such was their wish to make their boards groan with my fruits of the earth that they did spurn the notice on my gate to the effect that I was sold out. They came and sought me, even to the farthest corner of my land. And there some did'st discover me. Starkers. And there was consternation in the land. Especially when they discovered my enchantingly beautiful spouse similarly unclad.

And to my land came others, proffering not coins of the realm, but offering instead to bring me back to the paths of insanity by pointing out the virtue of denying sun and air access to my skin and bones. Only they expressed themselves differently. And to them did I suggest a course of action and destination which caused much weeping and wailing in the land and many came to see for themselves the wickedness that had come among them. And some right old capers were perpetrated that witness might be borne.

I'm a peaceable bloke. My local vicar in those long lost days wasn't at all a bad chap. The reverse in fact. Good cricketer—I shared more than one century partnership with him—and spot-on family man. He thought that I should at least wear a loin cloth (quaint old-fashioned thing) and that my spouse should wear something on top and a bit more below, if you see what I mean.

Ring the bell

I refused point blank. I don't believe I was made in anybody's image but evolved to what I was then and what I am today. But, in order that the sensibilities of those who hadn't then discovered the sheer joy and working and playing naked (millions still won't even give it a whirl, poor souls) I did erect a notice midway along the winding approach to my land informing callers that if they'd any objection to discovering a new Garden of Eden they'd best ring the provided bell.

The effect of the notice was quite extraordinary. There came to my gates a multitude. Well, far more than usual. And some did not ring the bell but proceeded stealthily, keeping close to the hedgerows until they stood, if they hadn't already fallen over their cameras

and binoculars, poised to witness and record the Sodom and Gomorrah scene. I know, because I observed them from a chink in closed curtains at an upstairs window of my cottage.

Sometimes they came singly, sometimes in pairs, and sometimes with grandad and grandma in tow. Mostly they approached from cars they'd parked half a mile away. And great was their wrath when they were denied their nefarious ends. And great my amusement when I enquired if I might be of assistance as they retired in high dudgeon.

Some asked if I'd any cabbages, some asked the way to the village they lived in, some asked for a drink of water and some made naughty remarks and ran away. The way of the pioneer is fraught with difficulties and prophets were ever without honour in their own land. Things have changed? You could fool me!

The law arrives

There came also to my gates a large man dressed in blue. Of a species known to the younger members of that lost generation as a bluebottle. Nowadays, so I'm told, they are known as the fuzz. The large man, adopting not the ploy of others, trod firmly my path until he came upon me attending an essential adjunct of good husbandry—spreading muck. The large man greeted me in triplicate. Hello, hello, hello, he said, and further enquired as to what all this here was. I said it was called muck-spreading.

And great was the confusion of the man dressed in blue when my lady appeared *sans* fig leaf proffering hospital-ity. Yes, he would partake of some refreshment, telling us he didn't mind if he did. And there appeared in his eyes evidence that the female of the species occasioned him considerably more pleasure than the sight of my scrawny, naked frame. A large handkerchief was applied to an equally large brow. The large man dressed in blue informed me that he'd never seen anything like it and I said how strange that was since, so far as I was aware, there were quite a few females around. He said I would have my little joke and knew what he meant. Quite.

When, from afar, my lady reappeared,







barely toting a hamper of sustenance, the man in blue appeared not to be attending my discourse on the advantages of a private Garden of Eden but had already agreed that, since we were invisible from all save friends, relatives, invited guests and those who preferred trespass to ringing the bell, no useful purpose would be served by his making a report on all this here.

Frequent visitor

Which was just as well because, if the hand which raised a brimming cup to his lips was anything to go by, he'd have had a hell of a job putting pencil to paper. He called on the deity to bless his soul, wolfed half-a-dozen sandwiches in no time at all, and did pronounce that what he'd heard from the village postmistress had been greatly exaggerated. I hoped he was not referring to my intimate statistics.

So it came to pass that the man in blue did call frequently upon us to ensure himself that all-that-there was in order and that we were not being harassed by hedge-hopping camera-toting gawpers. His visits followed a regular arrival pattern. Coffee time, lunch time, tea time and, in high summer, supper time.

It came also to pass that, if my lady were absent, the man in blue would remove from his pocket an enormous chronometer and, having consulted the monster, would announce that this wouldn't do and he'd have to be getting along. When my lady was present he'd tell us what a lonely life he led (he was a widower), there wasn't a lot to see and he'd park his ample posterior on either an up-turned wheelbarrow or sheeted heap of . . . er . . . fertiliser. Among our verdant pastures would he rest and await results. Which, as he well knew, would be the sight of my lady heading for house and kitchen and her eventual return bearing edible gifts.

Thus were we able to provide our friendly neighbourhood bluebottle with food for both body and soul and do something about his lonely see. At least my lady could. As for me, the man in blue suggested that if I ate a hog a day I'd still pass as a substitute for a beanpole. And he'd slap his thigh, if there wasn't a more acceptable one alongside. If there was his sense of direction was apt to stray, for


which he'd apologise and reiterate that he'd never seen anything like it, ho ho.

We never did persuade him to remove more than his helmet and tunic. Those bygone days have recently been called to mind by my awakening in my garden to find a complete stranger gazing at my beanpole frame. A lady, to boot. Without batting an eyelid she asked me if I'd be so kind as to support a particular charity and rattled a collecting box. She was also sorry she'd disturbed me but had found the front door open, etc., etc.

A rum world

Now, I wonder, is history to repeat itself? Am I to be assailed by sundry rattlers of collecting boxes? Will the fuzz appear? Are neighbours to be seen hurriedly crossing the road at my approach? One thing is certain. Any charity collectors who find me in the garden will be batting on a decidedly dodgy wicket. And might even find themselves on the receiving end of a misdirected forkful of the stuff that does wonders for rhubarb.

All those past years! And still we naturists have to proceed with caution. Rum old world.



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Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field come an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist. Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

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The Chatham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chatham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it. An erection is produced by the stimulation transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to increase erection it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the accretive tissues of the extra blood. These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chatham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHATHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chatham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 5 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London and England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the UK.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHATHAM METHOD

Dr. Chatham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever, and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement - the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection.

The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chatham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research, additional information in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively, 4 aged 25 and 28 and 35, 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in length and $\frac{3}{4}$ in girth. The 24 year old added $1\frac{1}{2}$ in length and just over $\frac{3}{4}$ in girth. The 25 and 28 year olds added $1\frac{1}{2}$ in length and between $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ in girth. The 35 and 40 year olds added $1\frac{1}{2}$ in length and an inch to girth. The 41 to 45 year olds added $1\frac{1}{2}$ to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added $\frac{3}{4}$ to length and an inch to girth and the 54 year old put $\frac{1}{2}$ in length and just over $1\frac{1}{2}$ in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s whose measurements were already $6\frac{1}{2}$ in length and 5 in girth. Yet he produced the surprising results of 1.3 in length and 0.7 in girth by the time he had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.

These results are even more amazing than at first appears, for First there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers what an insensitive to girth of $\frac{3}{4}$ means, take a measure and curl the end over to make a circle of $4\frac{1}{2}$, roughly average penile circumference, then move it out to $5\frac{1}{2}$. The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1 added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHATHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Robert Chatham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince women that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, in recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well-endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily affect her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chatham Method consist of?

A. The Chatham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chatham himself in clear and concise language making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This

model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chatham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible the rationale of the Chatham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to the genital region, in promoting the elasticity and expansive properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of his normal involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chatham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chatham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

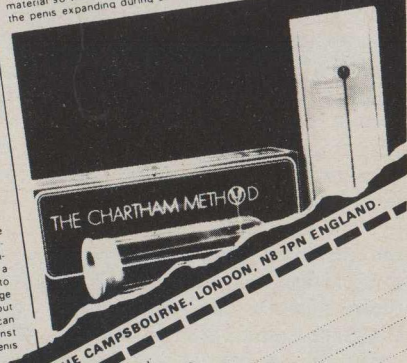
Q. Is the Chatham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chatham Method?

A. The total price is £10.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post. The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHATHAM METHOD A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.



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TEXTURE and CONTRAST

Fabrics have a special fascination for Dorothea Colson, particularly when she can utilise them to enhance the naked image. She sees no virtue in the employment of coy arrangements, but by bold framing draws immediate and continuing attention to the varying aspects of genital beauty.

AS I neaten up the odds and ends of this essay, I can look back on a glorious summer, virtually two clear months, probably more, of unbroken fine and sunny weather. It was near-tropical; it came almost too soon and too hot for most; and now, as the pattern begins to drift back into cooler mornings and evenings, with showers, it is a good time to look back. It was wonderful while it lasted. May we have lots more. The long-range weather men are, as usual, busily contradicting each other, some predicting an immediate ice-age, others declaring we are on the threshold of a steady period of sub-tropical weather and *then* an ice-age. You please yourself which you believe. For me, the great lesson I learned was that, all over again, the people of Britain are just not geared to cope with weather extremes. The men were bad enough, for the most part imprisoned by their slavish devotion to collar-and-tie and upper and lower garments, but the women were far worse. As far as it may be possible to get inside the heads of those I saw, they seemed to be so stuck on the concept of pants that they just couldn't





see how much cooler almost any other garment is.

Of course we, as nudists, don't have any of that kind of problem, and can only look on with pity and sympathy as the hide-bound sweat it out, clinging insanelly to their multi-layers of fabric, and grow hot, cross and miserable. One could philosophise to some length on the possibility that a great number of our modern ills owe their origin directly to the silly habits and customs we are stuck with, but this isn't the place for that.

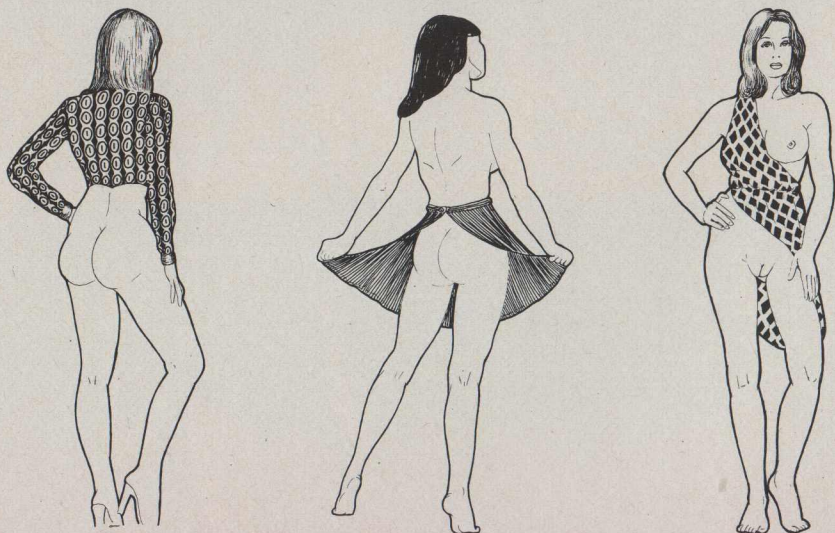
I have been particularly delighted, and relieved too, I must admit, to have had some faint stirrings of response to my suggestions for 'freedom fashions' for us naked people and carefree ones. For a long while there I was tempted to believe that maybe I was, after all, some kind of eccentric nut, trying to interest other women in the fascinating concept of dress-without-taboos, and getting not a glimmer of reaction, apart from blank stares of non-comprehension. But at least there are a few others beginning to catch on, and the responses are always interesting, many of them rewarding. It is astonishing and heart-warming the way inventiveness and creativity will flourish if you just give it half a chance to get started. I have been particularly pleased to notice that virtually all those who have contacted me have discovered the same thing. Texture is what matters. Texture and

contrast, two vital ingredients.

For those who have not grasped it yet—and to fulfil my function as a kind of clearing-house of ideas, passing them on—let me explain. Texture itself is a quite straightforward concept. It is merely the surface quality of any substance, to touch or appearance, or both. We all know what rough stone looks and feels like, and how different it is after it has been dressed by the stone-mason. We all know the particular look and feel of wool, and silk, and velvet, and leather. We all remember, too, just how unsympathetic and harsh the first synthetic fabrics were until the technologists discovered how to make them look and feel so very much nicer and more natural. Anyone designing garments has to bear in mind the wearing quality, the hang, weave and bias, *and* the texture, of whatever materials are to be selected to work with.

The feel of the thing

What looks perfectly all right in silk could be utterly wrong in wool; lace just does not go with tweed; and so on. And then there is the crucial question of contrast. Blending rough with smooth, and chunky with sleek, must be done with every bit as much care as when selecting matching colours. All of which is highly elementary and would be



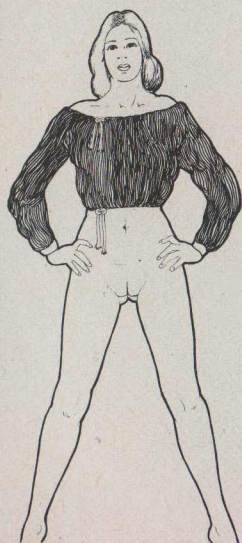
hardly worth mentioning were it not for the fact that the idea of 'freedom fashions' throws an entirely new light and emphasis on the business of texture and contrast.

Where the emphasis lies

You see, when the conventional designer is tackling a garment in the regular way, and when one is buying them in the same sense, there is only the texture of the various fabrics themselves, and the contrast or match between them to be worried about. Think for a moment of the way you go about buying a dress. You will want to know whether or not it matches your shoes, your hair, the colour of your eyes, or your handbag and other accessories, and so on. And then you will be concerned with the look and feel of it—in your fingers. At no time would you be thinking of the contrast in texture between the garment and your skin. Nor why should you? In the normal course of events all the skin of yours that will be visible will be your face and hands. Your legs you can and will drape in stockings or tights, according to your own choice. Your face, of course, you can make up to be almost any tint you care to name. Your nails also will be tinted at will. It doesn't leave much, does it? So the question of contrast of colour and texture between it and your skin isn't all that important.

Even for the more extreme evening wear, if you choose to reveal much more of your arms and shoulders and bosom than usual, that is still only a relatively small proportion of the whole, compared with the area covered by the gown, thus the major emphasis is on it, not you. In fact we all, even the glossy fashion journals, tend to regard the dress as of prime importance, and even when we say it 'flatters' or 'looks good' we are no more than referring to its quality (usually meaning its obvious expense) and its effect on your body outline. But when the proportions are reversed, when there is so very much more of you and not nearly so much of garment, then the question of texture and contrast is also reversed and becomes rather new and exciting. With us nudists, with the whole concept of 'freedom fashions,' the garment, whatever it is, becomes an accessory, and the major emphasis is on skin. On you!

In case you hadn't thought about it, there is nothing else in all the world quite like skin, in colour and texture. It has been likened to many things—to a peach, to silk, to velvet, ivory and alabaster, even marble—yet it is not like any of these things. And it is not just one colour either, not even on the same person. Ask any artist just how good 'flesh tint' is and watch him sneer. Ever since humans learned how to slap pigment on flat surfaces, artists have been trying to paint







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'the nude,' and it is still regarded as the supreme challenge of the painter's skill. A great deal of that is taken up by texture and colour. If we ask the colourist he will tell us that the colour and texture of clean, healthy skin is the almost perfect 'neutral' basic. What does that mean?

Well, you know how utterly disastrous it can be for a fair-blonde person to wear a lot of bright emerald green. Or for a dark brunette to contrast herself with too much strong and bright red. That is because the green and red are strong, pure colours, and they simply blot out the quieter 'mixture' colours, making them appear feeble at best, at worst muddy and dirty. Blondes should always be careful to go for soft blues and gentle browns, whereas the brunette should select soft and pale yellows or pinks. They are very much kinder, not so dominant. But that very simple rule of thumb only applies when the dress or garment is the major factor. When you invert that, when your skin is the major proportion and the dress is only an accessory, the whole thing is different. Now your major area is all a 'mixture' colour, is your skin, and therefore now your garment can be and should be as striking, vivid and strong as ever you like.

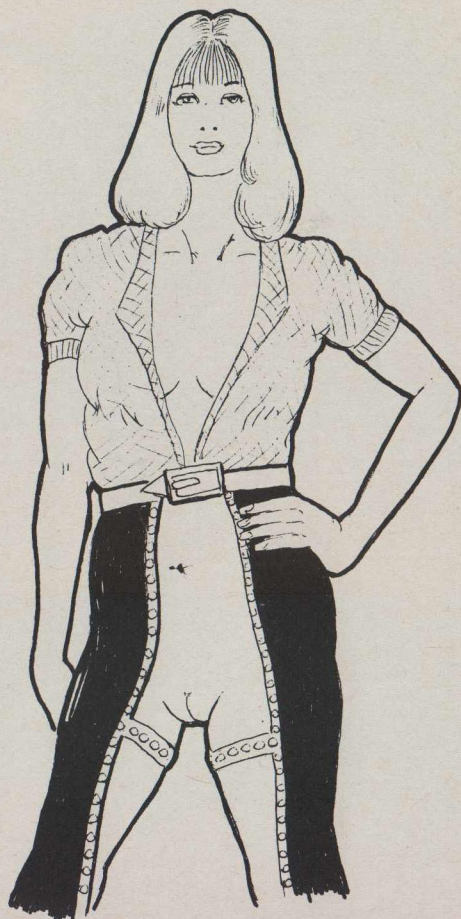
If you stop and think a bit you'll realise that the better quality swim-suit manufacturers have been pointing this way for some time now. They have been choosing and marketing swim-suits in fabrics and colours so strong that they would kill you stone dead if you wore them in full garment proportions, as dresses. But when used as miniature touches of colour, they pick up and enhance wonderfully the silky loveliness of just plain, healthy skin. Of course, even the most daring and innovative of swim-suit makers suffer somewhat because they are stuck with having to cover up the breast-points and the pubic area. Quite a handicap for them, but we are not stuck with that kind of nonsense, happily.

The touch of the blade

There is just one last point I would like to make, on that constant and vexed question of depilation. If you have been thinking about it at all, if you're wavering, not quite sure,

then do try to see it as a question of contrast and texture. If you do that I feel sure that you will have to agree that to leave an odd and unkempt patch of wild hair slap-bang in the middle of an otherwise silky smoothness just shatters the overall effect completely. Do think about it.

And that is about all. If you think you have any really good ideas, or have hit on some interesting twist that you want to pass on, do let me know and I will spread the news here. Do remember, when you're designing your little bit of lighthearted nonsense-decoration, that you can be as gaudy and striking as ever you like. It helps, it flatters wonderfully. Have fun!







The no-meaning pose that is often fobbed off as the artistic approach to nude photography. Technical quality does little to distract the viewer from thinking how ludicrous is the total arrangement.



CAVALCADE

I HAVE a niece. Young enough to be my daughter and old enough to speak her mind. You see, she is into this Women's Lib. thing. In a big way. Open your mouth to object, and before you know it you have a mouthful of Shulamith Firestone or Betty Friedan to chew on. Still, I console myself with the thought that the dialectic of sex is a darned sight more interesting and a lot less destructive than the dialectics of materialism. At her age we were all raving socialists, Communism was the brotherhood of man and the future was co-operation, not competition. Only the liquidation of a few million Russian peasants began to cool our ardour. What I wonder will eventually disillusion my niece?

I don't talk to my niece about my photography. Trouble is I've begun to understand what she is on about. Worse, I've begun to be sympathetic. You know, last week I picked up a paperback by Germaine Greer and started reading and nodding my head. Gave me quite a turn it did. I dropped the book like the hot contaminating scone it really is.

Yes, I know what she would say of my pictures. 'You can only think of a woman as a sex object' she would say, looking at me accusingly. And I would probably reply, blushing slightly, 'Oh no, of course not. You don't seem to understand I'm only into figure photography because of the artist in me.'

Anyhow, it is that imaginary conversation which has been bugging me somewhat of late. (You see, I learn fast.) What is my motive? Not only my motive, but what about all the others? All the other male photographers of pretty girls. Are we all in it, busy creating sex objects of the girls we photograph? And if we are, is that something we should be ashamed of? Or are we really artists, trying perhaps to express some fundamental truth through the elusive image on the emulsion?

My first test was to consider the activities of any women figure photographers I knew. I thought hard and suddenly remembered

I did know one. Believe it or not, she didn't go round photographing men. Well, not *all* the time. Her favourite subject was a woman — herself. That hardly helped. If she had been hooked on other women I could have said 'There, even women recognise the female figure is the provider of artistic inspiration...' But being hooked on photographing yourself? Whatever that might mean could interest your favourite head shrinker but hardly assist my investigation.

My next approach was to talk with another figure photographer. 'Does sex play any part in your figure photography?' I asked. He looked rather surprised. 'What else?' he asked. 'Can you imagine any other reason for photographing beautiful girls in the nude?' Perhaps I should tell him. 'Another reason could be that you were trying to express the artist hidden deep in your soul. No?' He looked at me with a sullen, end of the world stare. Then he turned his attention yet again to one of his prints hanging on the wall. This showed a 20 x 16 inch lovely proudly presenting her most precious jewel to the connoisseur's gaze. Finally he spoke. 'Artist,' he said. 'Listen, mate, I need an artist like I need a hole in my head!'

Well, progress was slow. I knew only one other 'figure' man. Once more I put the question—artistic endeavour or sexual satisfaction. 'What the hell are you talking about?' he asked. I had always thought him pretty dumb. Nice, but dumb. So I spelt it out for him. 'Listen,' I said, 'when you focus your camera on a pretty nude girl are you thinking of the composition, the line, the perspective and things like that . . .' He interrupted:

'My God,' he replied, 'you sure are dumb! I take pictures for the £5,000 a year it brings me. What else?'

Murray James







BRIDGING THE GAP

In this cameo of gentle fantasy Erwin Grant paints a picture of Something-in-the-City Man breaking away from the tyranny of a life of humdrum routine and extending, for one brief wild spell the magic of a naked week-end into the blue mood of a Monday.

THERE'S no doubt that Henry (I never could remember his surname) looked every inch a gentleman, bursting with decorum and decency, as he stepped smartly along the pedestrian link between Waterloo Station, by-passing London's Royal Festival Hall, and up the steps to Waterloo Bridge.

Dark blue lightweight suit, black bowler hat, and (of course) his rolled umbrella used in walking stick style. A rather flashy, greenish tie hung down from a stiff white collar over the whiter-than-white shirt new on that Monday morning. He carried a brown brief-case in his left hand.

Henry was but one of a vast army of sober-suited businessmen and cooler-clad feminine secretaries and office cohorts who marched, shoulder to shoulder, across the bridge en route for the Strand, Fleet Street and the City.

Yet among the pen-pushing and type-tapping minions whose working day and week were about to begin, our Henry was quite indistinguishable—bar, possibly, that tie. Now why had some instinct prompted him to substitute that minor nightmare in neckties for the blue pin-striped sober silk effort which he at first had draped around his neck that morning?

Let us zoom in over Waterloo Bridge for a closer look at the workings of Henry's inner thoughts this warm, sunny, June morning as

the hands of that clock on the Shell building (matching the hands of Big Ben over the Thames to the left) pointed steadily and remorselessly to twenty minutes past nine.

Things were far from quiet and placid in Henry's brain and there was a wild look in his eye. He tightened his grip on the handle of the umbrella and veered over the crowded pavement until he was on the phalanx nearest the bridge itself.

All day yesterday and most of Saturday he had spent at the sun club, along with his wife and grown-up daughter. Eight glorious hours of wearing no clothes—and then only a pair of shorts for the drive to and from the club. June 1975 had certainly produced a glorious touch of summer—even the nights were warm.

Underneath that dark suit and dazzlingly white shirt, Henry's body glowed a golden brown, and he knew that one peep inside an undone shirt button would reveal a most satisfying shade—not red and burnt but a ripe teak, with the hairs on his chest and around his genitals looking like corn ready for haymaking.

And now it was Monday morning and already the sun was hot and the sky a cloudless blue. What in Hell's name was he doing amongst these nameless nobodies marching in line across Waterloo Bridge, doomed to disappear inside dark caverns where the sun







never reached, relieved only by a lunchtime emergence into hot streets, stifling lunch counters and pubs boiling over with sweating men in shirtsleeves wiping the froth from their lips?

The big crush

It had been bad enough on the train from Eltham. Never a seat to spare, of course (when the trains did condescend to run), jammed in like cattle, shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee, resenting the lucky ones with seats to put their backsides on.

This wasn't life, suffering in order to make half a living! Life was yesterday—out there in the sun, naked and bare, with only a few people around and no noise but birdsong as a soundtrack.

Revolt boiled over in Henry's disorientated mind. He could no longer tolerate this stupid money-march to spend a sunny day in a place he loathed, among people he detested, doing work he hated.

Acting upon a sudden impulse, he whipped off his bowler hat and sent it skimming over the bridge, dropping in the still air like a huge black stone before hitting the dirty water. By this time his umbrella had followed, like the sword of Excalibur, plunging handle first into the dark depths.

Only those immediately behind had noticed these actions and merely raised their eyebrows as they marched on, shoulder to shoulder, brief-case jostling handbag.

In the interval Henry had transferred the contents of his pockets to the brief-case (it only contained sandwiches for his office lunch). He looked ahead towards the opposite bank, for by now he was half-way across the bridge. Moored as usual, stern to bridge, was the former paddle steamer *Caledonia*, which, in these past years had become one of London's permanent attractions. Gleaming as though ready to put to sea, her upper deck had awnings with tables and chairs underneath. Indeed, this floating restaurant and pub had become very popular with Londoners who liked to imagine themselves back on the Scottish lochs where this ship had ended her working days.

Henry looked at her as he always did at this point, thinking what a magnificent ship

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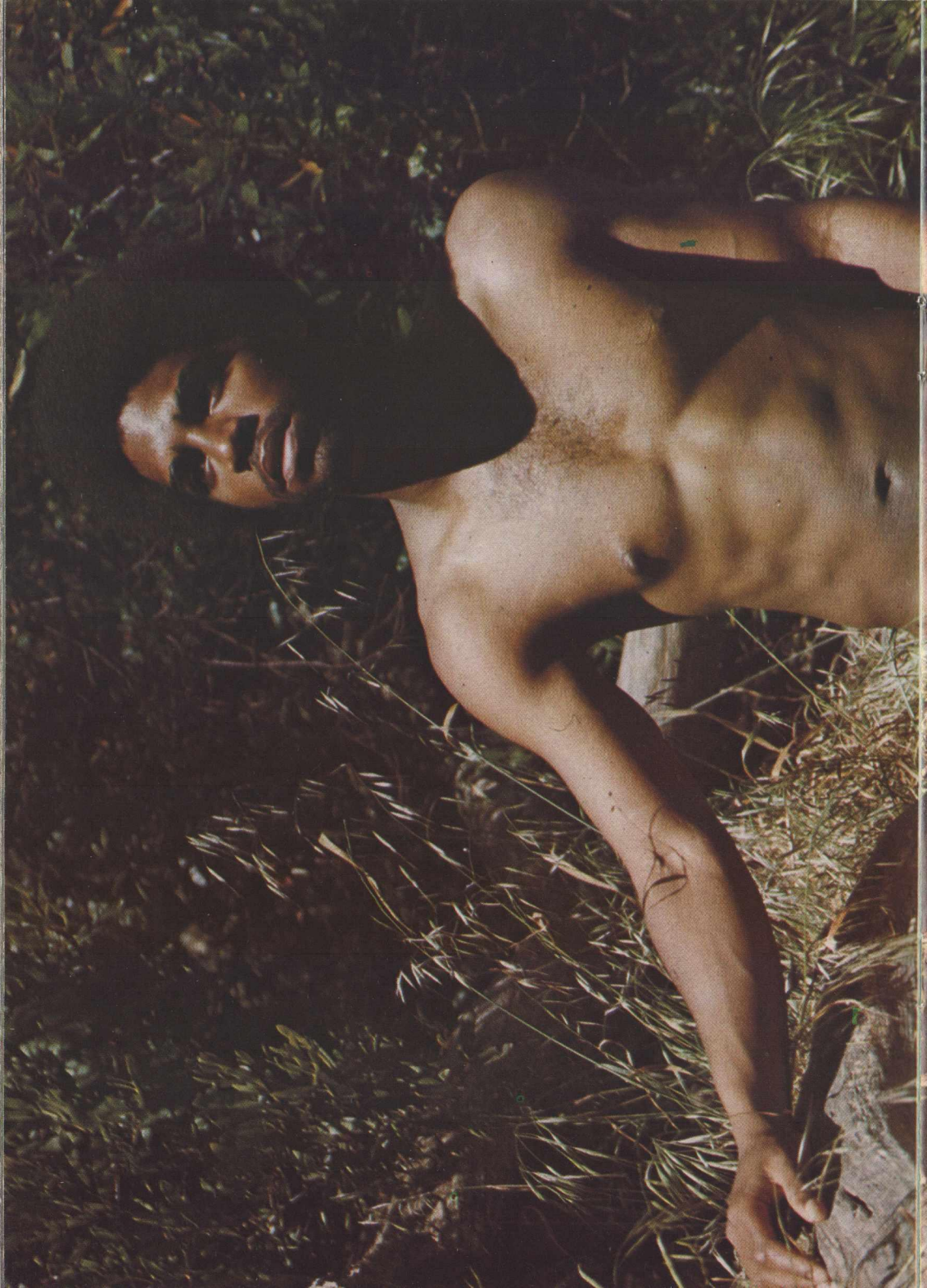
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she might have been for naturist cruises around the coast—if only someone had had the money and the initiative. He tugged at his hard collar, tore it off, untangled the tie, wriggled out of his jacket, and sent the lot over the bridge.

The crowd following him now showed a little more interest. Something definitely unusual was taking place on their morning march across the bridge. Somebody called 'Go it, Joe, take 'em off—take 'em off,' while a girl said 'Coo, here's a male stripper, Mabel!'

It is doubtful if Henry heard a word of this, or noticed those in front of him who were turning curious heads, without however in any way hindering or slowing down that inevitable march to work.

Launching out

Henry wedged himself into the bridge, letting the curious people behind him walk past reluctantly. Those following in the rear had not heard any of the remarks and merely looked at Henry as some sort of vagrant. One elderly man did stop for a moment and place a hand on Henry's shoulder, apparently thinking he was a potential suicide. 'Don't do it, old man, it's not the answer. Here, take one of these cards and come to our church next Sunday—come back to God.'

Apparently satisfied by Henry's somewhat glazed look and acceptance of the card, the elderly man resumed his trot, being swept away in the general throng which was now thinning out. Soon Henry was almost alone at that particular spot, with only passing bus and car occupants giving curious looks.

He had his shoes and socks off now and watched with fascination as the shoes almost landed in a passing tug. He moved a little further towards the *Caledonia* before stripping off his trousers and then his shirt. These nearly hit the deck but slid down the sides of the paddler into the water.

Henry glanced around. Two or three people were coming towards him from the direction of Waterloo, nobody on the opposite pavement, taxis, cars, buses in between, but these, with the complete indifference of Londoners, showed no signs of stopping to prevent what must have looked like either a

suicide-to-be or someone anxious for a morning swim.

Henry revelled in the physical feeling of the hot sun on his shoulders. Without hesitation, in the naturist manner born, he slipped off his underpants and hurled them with a great shout into the river Thames. Then, picking up his brief-case, he resumed his walk towards the Strand. One naked brown figure in the London morning heat haze.

The joyful sun

It says much for the general acceptance of naturism (we hope) that Henry was half-way up Aldwych before a police car swung into the kerb and he was whisked without a word into the dark interior.

People had stared, of course, but there was something almost aesthetically beautiful about Henry's brown body that had even the women glancing with admiration at his magnificent chest, slim waist and rounded thighs, hardly getting to the genitals which seemed to fit almost inconspicuously into the general pattern of healthy brown frame.

Those in the rear noticed the slim buttocks, straight back and athletic shoulders, and at least one wondered if this was a visitor from Mars or a walking advertisement for the forthcoming Olympic games.

There were no cries of 'Shame!' 'Arrest that man.' 'Disgusting.' Somehow it was different, this young middle-aged man in the prime of condition, walking naked along Aldwych on a very hot morning. Some even envied him. Though it might have been a different story if Henry had been pure white and revolting, or even brown top and bottom and sickly white around the loins, thereby accentuating the positive.

The police were quite sympathetic, too, as they mopped perspiring brows and decided to drive Henry home (after all, he had simply nothing to wear) with a caution. There had been no official complaints of indecency. As for Henry, he decided to ring up the office and take a day off—he went to the sun club.

There, once again, he went through the procedure of discarding all, but this time, the ritual disrobing was more leisurely and without any of the frenetic overlay that so characterised the episode earlier that morning.

SEX HELP IS SELF HELP

Ada Payne discusses the embarrassing complaint of urinary incontinence in women and explains how the common forms of this weakness may be combated. She also gives some sound advice on remedying simple impotence.





HAPPILY a tremendous number of subjects which were formerly taboo are now accepted as quite commonplace. Matters which were not so long ago spoken of only in whispers or in silently-mouthed syllables don't even raise a blush these days. Nationalising our health service probably had something to do with the change of public attitude, for if things like abortion are recognised as being essential to the well-being of the community it hardly seems logical that the subjects involved shall be left in the limbo of unmentionableness.

As a child, when I was still too young to be considered sufficiently interested in adult matters to take heed of what was being said when my mother talked with her women friends, they talked of pregnancy only in euphemisms, the process of childbirth was spoken of only behind a concealing hand, and menstruation was referred to by a number of odd phrases like 'the curse' and 'my visitor.' When they discussed illness, as they often seemed to do, the subject of breast removal meant descriptive gestures and mournful look rather than actual words and when it came to mentioning male organs I doubt if the women knew even the correct names, let alone the functions of parts like the prostate.

Today, mainly due to our emancipated society, men and women no longer feel uncomfortable about discussing sex together and there is almost no subject that women do not mention freely when chatting in female company. One of the few exceptions is incontinence; in spite of the high incidence of this distressing inconvenience the subject is still virtually taboo. One occasionally sees discreet little advertisements for 'protective rubber knickers,' but even they are tucked in among sales blurbs for kinky underwear and rubber aprons, so fail to make clear the true reason they are needed.

Big proportion

In view of such secrecy most readers will find it difficult to believe that over half of all women over 50 have urinary stress incontinence as well as a large number below that age.

One doctor has even called urinary in-

continence 'the last no-no,' yet it is a subject which comes up frequently among the problems sent in to me. Here is a typical example from a 38-year-old correspondent who signs herself JULIE:

'Almost every morning, when I get out of bed, I leak a small amount of urine before I can get into the bathroom. Not only do I find this distasteful and embarrassing, but the bedroom carpet is beginning to suffer. My husband prefers to have intercourse in the morning, but I'm afraid to encourage him now because of the possibility of leaking when he touches me. Can you tell me what is causing the condition and is there anything I can do to control it? Cutting down on my evening intake of liquid does not seem to make any difference.'

When it occurs

The involuntary loss of urine that happens to many women with a sudden change of position, lifting something heavy, or just coughing, sneezing or laughing is mostly due to general wear and tear and relaxation of the pelvic muscles over the years. But by learning to contract a muscle called the pubococcygeus a woman can strengthen the muscular sling that supports the bladder, vagina and rectum. It is possible to identify this muscle by stopping the flow while urinating. Pull it, then release. Do it several times and once you have experienced the sensation of feeling where the muscle is, practice the exercise often. It can be done anywhere, walking along the street, watching TV, or sitting at a desk. Working on the muscle in this way has a splendid extra bonus; it contributes to greater sexual satisfaction.

Julie's letter does not tell me whether or not she has given birth to children, but mild incontinence often begins to develop during pregnancy because the bladder is distorted and does not always entirely return to normal.

In the older woman the condition usually develops because the system is producing less of the hormone called estrogen, and this leads to thinning of genital tissues and weakening muscular support. Doctors are now prescribing a course of estrogen replacement and this, combined with the pubococcygeus exercise, usually results in a cure.









The spirit of the carnival appears to have an ecstatic effect on this girl.

When urinary leakage reaches the stage of severity the solution is a repair operation. This in no way involves major surgery and I would advise any woman who suffers the inconvenience of severe incontinence to get medical advice without delay as waiting lists for operations at some hospitals mean a wait of several months during which the condition may worsen.

Weigh your chances

If the loss is infrequent, small, or, as in Julie's case, only on sudden change of position, there are two other helpful things to be done in addition to the pubococcygeus exercise. Don't get fat, then there's just not that much weight bearing down on the muscles. Learn also to lift heavy objects properly taking the strain on leg and back muscles rather than the pelvis. For day-time sufferers, regular visits to the loo avoid more urine in the bladder than its muscles can easily hold.

I've received a brief but desperate-sounding letter from a male reader living in Bournemouth. Obviously he has found it difficult to put what is troubling him into words, keeping it until almost the last sentence.

He writes: 'I feel that I am not getting a normal married life regarding the sex part of it. After spending a lot of money on pills, etc., also taking several holidays in the sun, there is no improvement at all. I don't get anywhere. I am desperate for advice, as I consider it is not very helpful to my wife who is normal in every way. This has gone on for some time and I feel that for a healthy, strong man there should be some way to improve it. I was formerly perfectly normal, but it's got that I am not able to perform owing to not being able to get an erection. I should be so grateful if you could help me in some way. (Signed) F.R.'

I would have liked more details about this problem. F.R. does not mention, for instance, whether or not he has consulted his doctor, nor does he tell me what kind of pills he has taken. I rather suspect they are of the non-medical kind obtained through some 'back-room' business and the first step is to take medical advice if he has not already done so, as his difficulty may be caused by some



apparently unrelated complaint or deficiency.

Alternatively, if he is already taking any form of medication that in itself could be affecting his sexual performance. It is a fairly common side-effect with a number of drugs, but is not usually mentioned by the practitioner who prescribes them for fear of psychological effects.

Men do not have the ability, as women do, to hide sexual dysfunction by dissembling, and even one failure can set off a vicious spiral of events which lead to impotence. Often all that is required to break the circle is the small sign of success made possible by wearing an energising ring. This is a black ebonite ring invented by Dr. Blakoe some 40 years ago, but only recently widely available to the public. It fits round the root of the penis and scrotum together, with its inlaid metal plates acting as thermocouples producing tiny but detectable electric currents under the influence of heat generated by the body. The

ring increases the flow of blood to the genitalis and is thought to cause a rise in output of the essential male hormone called testosterone. Once erection has been obtained the best aid to maintenance is a latex sleeve, which is not tight enough to impede arterial input but restricts the return of blood so that engorgement and erection can continue.

Put a splint in it

The most recent newcomer to the range of male aids now available is a latex sleeve which is known as a penile splint. This has two strengthening areas forming the walls of the aid which support the penis from either side and, because of its shape, which includes spaces in the walls, there are areas of contact between the surface of the penis and the walls of the vagina so that the man has the sensation of actually entering his wife again.

In the past many couples have regarded sex aids as distasteful and their image was scarcely improved by the publicity accompanying the original sex shop craze, but the climate of opinion has now changed and when an old-established ethical firm producing sex aids sent direct mail advertising to a selection of doctors there was an unprecedented 26% reply rate, although the average response is only 8 to 10%. Modern-thinking doctors are finding that many sexual disorders do respond to the use of sex aids and are increasingly recommending that their patients try them. Of course, encouragement and a wholehearted attitude of co-operation is necessary on the part of the sex partner, but I am sure F.R.'s wife will look on both as a small price to pay for the renewed sexual activity they will, hopefully, be able to enjoy.

Blakoe Energising Ring, etc., available from Blakoe Ltd., 229 Putney Bridge Road, London, S.W.15.







There is a possibility that a plum may fall into naturism's lap if a particular holiday site in Kent is acquired by the proprietor of Eureka Sun Club. Given his expertise, claims Lance Ridgeway, it may well become the best recreational outlet for nudism this side of the Channel.



POT POURRI

NO one could possibly doubt the success of Eureka. Over the last few years it has become one of the country's fastest growing and largest clubs. This happens only when a club can offer the public what it wants, and at the same time provide a management which combines efficiency with consideration for its patrons' comfort and convenience.

In my opinion this happens only when someone is personally dependent on the club's success. This means a proprietary club. Yes, I know the benefits of the membership club, but I have belonged to, or been associated with too many not to know of the difficulties as well. The members' club suffers because all the members have to earn their





living first and attend to other matters, no matter how important, second. At best this means dedicated but secondary attention, and at worst an inability to make time for all the necessary chores. A frequent complaint, one that keeps cropping up in the correspondence columns of this magazine, is that prospective members often find it difficult even to get a reply to their applications to join. If they happen to be on the fringe, so to speak, like the 'single' male, they are lucky to get a reply at all.

But when one person is in charge and owes his living to attending to the club's affairs, things are very different. Perhaps it is because of this that Eureka has in the few years of its existence provided facilities that other (membership) clubs have failed to provide, even after twenty years.

The other major difference between a members' club and the owned one is that the latter is always looking for the chance to expand. It comes as no surprise, then, to find Eureka casting ambitious eyes over what promises to be one of the finest sites ever developed in this country.

In the case of Eureka, I can't help feeling that the desire to develop this new site is as much due to the troubles posed by the planning authorities as to anything else. By now everyone interested must know that Eureka has had the greatest difficulty in persuading the authorities that it should be allowed to continue. In truth the saga is far from over, and Mark continues to be convinced that in the end he will win, and the original Eureka will remain where it is and this new adventure will be but another extension of his domain.

The prospects

So what are the proposed new grounds like? Yesterday I went to see them. It was a cold, grey day. A light rain fell continuously. Enough in most circumstances to put me off any place. But here was something completely different. I have tramped across many prospective new clubs. All are depressing in the extreme. Everyone else can see the possibilities. They see a swimming pool here, a pavilion there. All I see is dense woods and long grass. Not to mention a lot of impossibly

hard work. It was different here. I didn't have to imagine the swimming pool, or the pavilion for that matter. Both were here, with a lot more besides.

But let us start at the beginning. The grounds are situated at about the same distance from London as the present Eureka. In truth the old and the new club will only be a few miles apart. The surrounding countryside then is much the same as at present. Much the same, but more picturesque. As now, the new club will be situated among the undulating hills of Kent. A good road runs right up to the entrance and some parking space is available right there. However, Mark's plans are to open up a field for parking just beside the proposed entrance.

In order to visualise the layout of the club you have to imagine the approach road running up a slight valley, with rolling hills rising on either side. To the left you find about half a dozen houses and bungalows, several of which are for sale with the grounds. Naturally enough these are the houses situated right in front of the club's grounds. With a bit of luck these could well be sold to club members. But even if they were not, they hardly interfere with possible development, for their view into the grounds is very limited.

Entering the grounds from the road, you are immediately struck by a large glass enclosed building. My first thoughts were that this must be some giant greenhouse. So you climb up the hill. No trouble—permanent concrete steps are cut into the path. When you come level with the 'glass-house' you are in for a surprise. Sure, there are plants there. Lots of them, ranged in banks of flowers along the side overlooking the approach road. But all the rest of the giant glasshouse is devoted to a large swimming pool and the tiled surrounds. I have to say that I have visited all the great holiday naturist resorts in Europe and some beyond, and never have I seen such an interesting pool.

This is not only a pool where the water is heated, but so long as the sun shines the air is heated also. I understand the mechanism is somewhat as follows. The sun's rays easily pass through the glass, so that inside the pool you are affected by the heat from the sun







almost as much as if you were outside. But the sun also heats up all the other objects inside the glasshouse, and these, in turn, radiate heat. But whereas the sun's rays pass into the glasshouse easily, the radiated heat from warmed objects is trapped inside since its wavelength is different from the sun's. Consequently, so long as the sun shines the temperature inside the glasshouse increases.

The only other glasshouse I know of in a nudist resort exists at Sheplegh Court. Those who have been there will know well the heat trap effect—even on a day when the sun shines only now and again. Sheplegh Court's sun trap is minute compared with this.

Opposite the swimming pool you will find the Dance Hall-cum-Restaurant. The dining tables hug the window elevation. Again this room is heated. Its size is difficult to describe. Certainly it is slightly bigger than the existing pavilion at Eureka. It is a single storey building and like most of the other structures on the site it is constructed from cedar weather board.

Still a little further up the steps we arrive at the Games Hall. If anything this is larger than the dance hall and is divided by folding doors into two. Here you will find facilities for table tennis and snooker. Here we are almost at the top of the hill. Looking back you will see that only one house—on the opposite hill across the valley—can look into the club grounds. But their view only extends to the side of the hill and, fortunately, it should be easy to provide temporary screening until natural growth takes over.

From the summit of the high ground you have an extensive view across an expanse of Kentish hills. In the distance a small church provides a focal point, but apart from this there is hardly a sign of human habitation. Moving across the brow of the hill now, we move into the flat lands holding the chalet accommodation. Except for one group, all the chalets are built of cedar weatherboarding. Generally there are several chalet bedrooms grouped together, sometimes provided with their own attached w.c.s. So far as I could see, all the rooms were provided with a basin with hot and cold water, an electric heater and, of course, beds. The chalets group together under some tall trees. They form the edges to a rough square which, in

turn, carries what appeared to be a couple of apple trees. All told, I should imagine there would be accommodation for about 40 units. You could call it a country holiday resort, or if you like a motel.

Beyond the chalets we are in the real country. You can't even discern a road, let alone a house. As far as the eye can see, nothing but open grasslands and here and there clumps of trees. Just one fascinating touch—an 'upstairs-downstairs' pigeon loft together with twelve white feathered occupants.

Altogether there are seven acres of land, of which two are woodland. Accommodation can be provided for 110 guests. There is even a licensed bar. At the very top of the hill you will find a hard surfaced area sufficient for about six badminton courts. Only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away is the nearest railway station. Trains arrive here from both Holborn Viaduct and Victoria. This means that two popular 'sides' of London can find easy access to the club. From the railway station a taxi service is available. But I think the short walk would be more enjoyable. By car all but the last three miles or so are made on a fast main road. After you leave this road, sign-posts lead you right to the gate.

Location secret

I have not given the exact location because, as yet, the club does not exist. It is there physically, but at the time of writing the land has not been purchased. Negotiations are still going on. The success or otherwise of these negotiations may depend on how much money is available, and whether those in sympathy with the movement are able to assist. In contrast to the position at Eureka, this site has planning permission for recreation. And how else would you define nudism? Some people may take their recreation dressed in shirts and shorts. Some eccentrics may enjoy swimming recreation while wearing a bathing costume. Some even odder people may care to wear an overcoat while playing badminton. No matter how they dressed, the planning authority would hardly be interested so long as the land was used for 'recreation.' Similarly, they could hardly be interested if the recreation were taken in the nude.







OUT OF CAMERA

Male Physique

Right: Winner of this month's top prize of £10.50 is photographer of husky young naturist who was discovered holidaymaking at Southview nudist beach, near Blackgang, I.O.W.



Left: Reader from Glamorgan takes our second prize of £5.25. His mature physique should encourage similarly placed readers to submit pictures.

Female Beauty

Above right: Devotees of the depilated look will applaud selection of this month's winner, a Grimsby photographer with a first time effort.



Above: Our Northern Ireland contributor submitted the picture above of a blonde girl, taking second prize, and also that of the kneeling, pensive girl featured right. Both were shot in the environs of London.







Family Group



Left: First place winner of £10.50 is an American reader who shot this picture of his English wife and infant daughter on a Florida beach. The family are active members of a nudist sun-park near Des Plaines, in their home-state of Illinois.

Right: A Lancashire father submitted this picture of himself and son engrossed in playing chess. Takes second prize.



Left: This family group of children was photographed at Eureka sun club. Both lensman and club will receive third prize of £3.15.







Official Bulletin of the

CENTRAL COUNCIL for BRITISH NATURISM

Hon. Secretary: Roy Lambert,

C.C.B.N.,

Sheepcote

Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET

All enquiries should be addressed as directed in the notes and must be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Addresses of clubs may not be given to enquirers by the Editor. Club notes should arrive at the Editorial Offices by the 15th of each month at the latest.

In the past months frequent mention has been made in this column to the C.C.B.N. Supporter's Section as distinct from the Sun Clubs, and as it has been some time since an account of this Section has been given, it is felt that it may be of interest to newcomers to the Movement, to describe the purpose and functions of the Section.

In essence, the word 'Supporter' means exactly what it says, i.e. 'one who supports the aims and work of C.C.B.N.' Now, such a person may or may not be a member of a sun club. Membership of the Section is open to all, but it is constituted to provide a means whereby any person who for some reason or other either cannot join a club, or does not wish to join a club, can identify themselves with all that C.C.B.N. stands for.

For an annual subscription of £2 (£3 on joining) a Supporter becomes entitled to all the services provided by the Section. Supporters are admitted to most of the naturist swimming sessions at public baths, which are run by local sun clubs, on production of their membership card. During the summer months, many clubs hold 'Supporter week-ends', when members of the Section can spend a couple of days at a club and join in its activities. The Annual General Meeting is usually held on such a week-end. Supporters are kept in touch with all that is going on through the medium of 'British Naturism,' the C.C.B.N.'s quarterly newspaper, which is sent to them free of charge. After six month's membership (unless one is also a member of a club) a Supporter becomes eligible for the issue of an I.N.F. Passport. Members of Clubs are, of course, eligible from the start of their membership. In many areas, the Supporter's Section holds various social functions—especially during the winter months—and it is not unknown for Supporters in an area to get together and form a new Club. The Supporter's Section has its own representatives on the Executive of C.C.B.N. and our Vice-President, Pat Prowse, is personally responsible for the overall direction of the Section.

The Supporter's Section had its origins in the former B.S.B.A. Individual Member's Section. As many older

readers will recall, it was the existence of this Section among other things which led to the split whereby the Federation of British Sun Clubs came into being; this being a 'clubs only' organisation. However, when the two factions agreed to settle their differences and unite to form C.C.B.N., the concept of a Section to cater for the non-club naturist became an integral part of the new united organisation. It was, perhaps to be expected that initially the Section should be regarded with a certain degree of 'suspicion' by members of clubs, but thanks to the untiring efforts of our first Vice-President and Champion of the non-club naturist, Dorothy Thornton, this feeling has been completely eliminated and today the members of the Section are held in high regard by the whole naturist movement. Perhaps the greatest tribute to her work in this direction is the fact that so many club members also consider it to be well worth their while to be members of the Section, even though they contribute to central finances through their club capitation fees.

This is but a brief outline of what the Supporter's Section is, and what it can do for the non-club—as well as the club—naturist. We know that there are many naturists in Britain who are fortunate enough to be able to sunbathe in complete privacy in their own gardens, and thus have no wish to belong to a club. For naturist holidays most of them will have recourse to resorts abroad. We would like to appeal to such individual naturists to join the Supporter's Section and so help the National Organisation in its fight to secure naturist seaside facilities in this country. Although, for a small minority interest, we have the respect of Local Authority and Government Departments, the greater our total membership, the greater voice we have in negotiating with such bodies.

We have achieved much since we have been able to speak with one voice for the naturists of Britain. All we ask is that ALL the naturists in the country stand behind us in our efforts to secure a fair share of coastline for naturist use, and inland sites for clubs to cater for the increasing demand for such facilities. It is a sad fact that

far too many clubs cannot accommodate any further increase in their membership, and for individual effort, the location and development of new sites is fast becoming an almost impossible task.

NEWS FROM THE CLUBS

Below, you will find listed some of the Clubs affiliated to C.C.B.N., and the Regions to which they belong. Unless stated otherwise, either in the Club's own notes, or its advertisements elsewhere in this issue, all enquiries regarding membership should be addressed to the Secretary of the Club to which you are writing, and sent c/o C.C.B.N., Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. The inclusion of a stamped, addressed envelope for your reply is always appreciated, since postage can be a heavy item of expense—especially for the smaller club.

YORKSHIRE REGION

Pendale Sun Club (Brighthouse)*

*The Cravendales and Pennines Sun Clubs have amalgamated under the title of 'Pendale Sun Club'. This has come about as a result of the impossibility of obtaining a suitable site in the Keighley area for the Cravendales Club.

The White Rose Club

First, our apologies for the late appearance of these notes, which is due to circumstances beyond our control.

After a beautiful summer we enjoyed the delightful autumn tints of the many trees in and around the White Rose grounds. Sadly, the leaves fell, bringing 1975 to an unforgettable end. It commenced with a fresh, green spring, continued through a hot dry summer into a golden autumn, and we naturists were able to appreciate the seasons more than most, in our secluded surroundings, free from crowds and clothing.

Our social activities have continued to be successful, and our Bonfire Night Party provided an opportunity for members to bring their friends along, and our neighbours adjacent to the Club were also invited to enjoy our hospitality. A big bonfire, lots of fireworks and plenty of refreshments—including our popular pea and pie supper—were enjoyed by all who attended. A big 'thank you' to all the helpers who made the evening such a success.

During the winter months the Club grounds are much less disturbed, with only Eric, our Warden, keeping a watchful eye on things. Only at the week-ends do the regular members take over from the rabbits, pheasants and squirrels, etc. Naturist clubs such as ours are a haven for many species of wild creatures, and, hopefully, they will remain so as more and more of the remaining countryside disappears for building purposes. The more it is brought to the attention of the public and Local Authorities that among the many benefits which naturist clubs provide, in addition to the social and recreational activities, is a real contribution to nature conservancy. A greater appreciation of these factors would encourage planning authorities to give a higher priority to providing land for naturist use.

However, we continue to flourish, and our membership has not been affected by the increased cost of petrol

—as we at one time feared. We are rather concerned over the proposed Rating of caravans by Local Authorities, and we are working closely with C.C.B.N. on this matter, and we would suggest that other clubs in a similar situation do the same.

We still have a few vacancies for families, couples and single ladies. So, if you are interested in joining a naturist club in the York area, please forward a s.a.e. to the New Members Secretary, The White Rose Club Ltd., Flaxton, Nr. York. We shall be pleased to forward you further details.

MIDLAND REGION

Leicester Sun Group

Since I wrote last, Oakland's winter programme is well under way with working week-ends of tree felling, logging, leaf clearing and general maintenance. The Christmas Party has also taken place and the children and adults alike enjoyed a well-produced film show. Laurel and Hardy appear to be still firm favourites. This was followed by a disco which brought home to many of us how our 'little girls' have suddenly developed into young ladies. However, they are still not above doing a sudden cartwheel or handstand every so often. This is New Year's Eve, and as I await the New Year I wonder what it will bring to naturism. My personal wish is for our complete acceptance into society and free beaches for all to enjoy. With this in mind all at L.S.G. wish Club Members everywhere a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

SOUTHERN REGION

Halcyon Sun Club

The Club now has regular Naturist Swimming Sessions in West Surrey and the West Sussex/South Hampshire areas. Membership is available to all Sun Club and Supporter Members, and there are vacancies for families and couples.

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For details of venue and times send s.a.e. to the Secretary, Radiola, East Drive, Bracklesham, West Sussex.

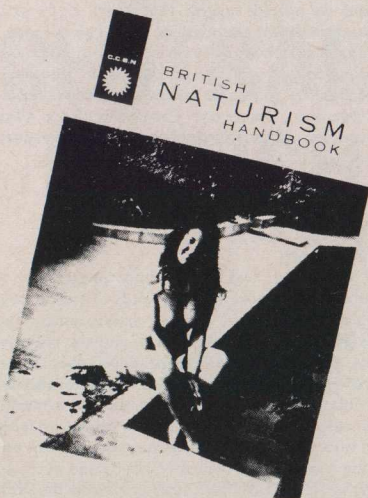
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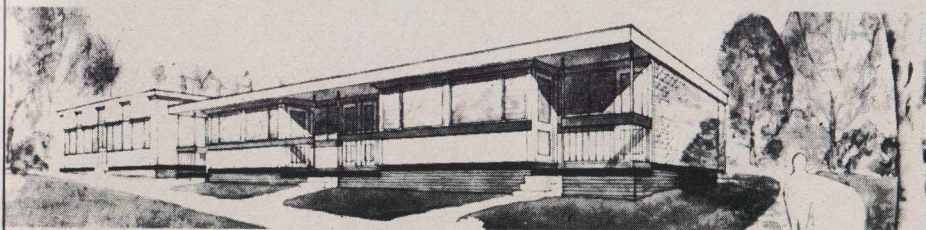
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